

PUNCH

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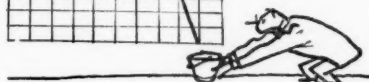
IT WAS a characteristic piece of *Express* work for Mr. John Gordon to crow over the *Daily Mail* failure to get its Ideal Home Exhibition opened by the Queen, and add a pious call to the press to refrain from "introducing the Royal Family into their vendettas."

CHARIVARIA

RUSSIANS are saying that the two-second earthquake in East Anglia is our feeblest attempt yet to show that anything they can do we can do better.

ARNOLD HAMER, Derbyshire's opening bat, was fined for careless driving last week. He would have preferred the usual penalty—snapped up at mid-on.

THAT ebullient newspaper talk about our "zooming" gold reserves now standing at the July 1956 figure found



only hollow response among readers who remembered what was being said about our gold reserves in July 1956.

SOCIAL problems continue to pop up in new and unexpected forms. What is the Home Office to do, for instance, about the Norfolk remand home where residents are costing twenty pounds a week each because half the rooms aren't taken?

"IT HAPPENED slowly at first. I didn't notice I was being left out of the

conversation. My friends invited me less frequently to their homes . . ." If this advertisement by the latest competitor in the deaf-aid industry isn't going to mislead a lot of hasty readers the manufacturers had better start impregnating each hearing-aid with some reliable breath-sweetener.

THE NEW Chief Constable of Cyprus is to be Mr. John Browne of Nottingham, who "has no experience of



colonial police work and can speak neither Greek nor Turkish." The Colonial Secretary, defending the appointment in the Commons, described him as "suitable in all respects."

"ECONOMIC DRAINAGE CO. LTD., N.W.1." Contractor's sign in the Strand Draining our own economy, thanks.

MANY teenagers paled at the headline "Squares Come Back to Life." But it was only about some old war-damage repairs in Gray's Inn.

COOKERY enthusiasts, reading that the U.S. Vanguard carried yeast cells, expressed some surprise that it still failed to rise.

Tidying Up the Streets

THIS "Continental look" may prove no gain To Hyde Park Corner, Marble Arch, Park Lane: At certain hours, most passers-by allow, They look too "Continental" even now.

K



Punch Diary

I HAVE not often felt happy with such reluctance as I did at the news that Britain has a rocket with an H-bomb head. It was easy, once, to thrill to the sight of Spitfires and Lancasters, and to the thought of their crews, who could accomplish their missions only by the expenditure of bravery and skill; but I find it awfully hard to love an electrically-controlled long-distance mass-weapon, even if it has the incalculable merit of being launched from underground. Secretly, I would be much happier if it could be kept a lot further underground, with fifty tons of earth on top of it.

Pretty Poll

MR. GRIMOND had every right to be pleased with the 17,600 votes cast for Mr. Ludovic Kennedy at Rochdale, but I think he was overstating his case when he said "This enables us to be the main challenge to Labour." Even if Mr. Kennedy had got in, the total Liberal representation in the House of Commons would only have gone up to six (excluding the National Liberals, whose most notable appearances are generally made in the Honours Lists). All the same, no one will deny Mr. Grimond his triumph, and if he feels like rounding on the Conservatives for having split the Liberal vote and let Labour in, well, good luck to him.

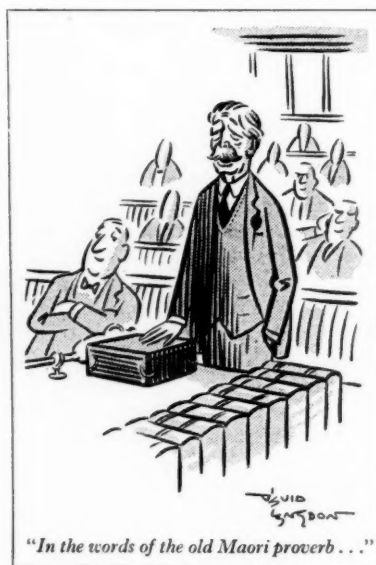
High Words

EXPLORATION in the high bitter wastes has always seemed to romantics to have a snow-white incorruptible purity setting it apart from other fields of adventure. Then comes

the sweet smell of success, mankind arrives in numbers, and the snarling starts. The Antarctic is rapidly becoming a brawling arena for the interested powers, bases are claimed and denied recognition, Britain suggests an international tutelage. A few years ago, hardly had Everest's tip been touched when copyright wrangles broke out. We needs must love the highest when we see it, but need we make quite such a mess of it? Though of course if it has to come, most of us would rather see a hot war in a cold climate than in the temperate zone.

Behind the Scenes

HARDLY had I finished reading about the newly discovered self-portrait of the French painter Seurat when the news came of X-ray revealing a third figure in one of the Titians in the Royal Collection at Hampton Court. Seurat's friends apparently thought it in bad taste that he had represented himself *vis-à-vis* his mistress, so the painter replaced his own likeness with a pot of flowers. The new arrival in what was formerly called "Titian and a Friend" makes the three of them look a little like a sixteenth-century version of the well-known deodorant trio. I wonder how far this X-raying of famous pictures will go. Shall we soon learn with horror what the Laughing Cavalier was really laughing at; and that someone was originally sitting on that chair of Van Gogh's?



"In the words of the old Maori proverb . . ."

Pantomime Censorship

BY his Olympian disregard for logic in his pantomime treatment of the Beckett play, the Lord Chamberlain may well have hastened the end of the dramatic censorship. Last year, trusting, I suppose, to the well-known deficiencies in British education, he allowed the French version of the play to be presented at the Royal Court; now he has banned the production at the same theatre of the author's own translation into English.

Club productions of banned plays have already weakened his dominion. He is like a short-sighted Victorian governess who goes on forbidding the children to bathe, while they take it in turns to swim happily from the private beach next door. The important subjects on which he frowns are now freely discussed not only in print but at every teen-age cocktail party; and while serious dramatists are denied a hearing, a multitude of moronic little bedroom plays continue to pour through his sieve. The governess is out of date. No doubt the Lord Chamberlain, a busy official, would welcome a change in the Theatres Act that would rid him of this preposterous function. It would be just to everyone, and most of all to a generation brought up to think for itself.

Affable Familiar Ghosts

A LADY with her finger on the pulse is Miss J. MacInnes, who (says a report in the *Manchester Guardian*) suggested at a meeting of the Lake District Planning Board that the way to stop people littering the countryside was to persuade the B.B.C. to "let one of the Archers have an accident caused by someone leaving litter."

Of course she is brilliantly correct. As long as the British are only urged on in decent behaviour by real people there is little prospect of genuine achievement; who's *he*, we ask, to tell us what's right and what isn't? Who's Lord Goddard, or Lord Russell, or the Archbishop of Canterbury? But the Archers, now, or indeed the Dales, or possibly Matt Dillon or Muffin the Mule—they are so much realer than real that their example cannot be questioned. Let them but advocate tidiness, or euthanasia, or atomic bases in Scotland, or A.I.D., and we shall accept it like lambs.



SUMMIT TALKS

"Arising out of the minutes of our last meeting..."



"Fortunately for me my broker misread my instructions about investing in oils."

Got that Down, Inspector?

By H. F. ELLIS

THAT was a most interesting disclosure by the National Committee for the Abolition of Deer-hunting that a private investigator had been employed "since the end of July" to follow the Exmoor staghounds and take note, with the aid of pencil, camera and tape-recorder, of the goings-on of the hunters, their behaviour at the kill and their "language." Some of the scenes recorded "were more reminiscent of a lynching than the end of a well-conducted sport," according to Mr. A. E. Hemingway, chairman of the Committee.

Well, I know nothing about that. But as one who took a tape-recorder to Twickenham a week or two ago, on behalf of the Anti-Brutal-Games league, I want to enter an emphatic protest against those mealy-livered members of the public who have protested that there

is something objectionable about spying with mechanical aids on fellow-citizens whose amusements one deprecates. How else, pray, is one to get the evidence? Had I returned home from the England v. Australia match with nothing more definite to show than a dent in my bowler hat, my testimony would have been worthless. Incontrovertible evidence is essential if public interest and indignation are to be aroused. Who can doubt that when I play back my recordings to my Member of Parliament (they include a bestial cry, in quite cultured accents, "Scrag that basket!") and show him my miniature-camera shot of an elderly gentleman (sic!) hurling a cushion into the air with a savagery more reminiscent of a gladiatorial contest in ancient Rome than the end of a well-conducted sport—who can doubt, I say, that he will feel compelled

to take, and take urgently, whatever action it is that Members of Parliament do take when their blood boils and a surge of selfless rage sweeps them irresistibly onward?

I particularly resent the charge that it is "un-British" to make a permanent record, without their knowledge or against their will, of what private persons are saying or doing. It is British to the core. The people of this country, to their credit, have accepted without question the right of the B.B.C. to photograph them with telescopic lenses as they squat at Lord's or parade at Ascot with other people's wives, and to relay the picture to countless millions who may be interested. Every day couples who have no business to be together are immortalized by street photographers. The cameramen of the more progressive newspapers—and who

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more British than they?—guard with unceasing vigilance the inalienable right of all free men to have *proof* that the bereaved weep and that the dead are really dead. If any conduct is to be stigmatized as un-British, it should surely be that of the secretive sourpusses who try to conduct their conversations in corners and deliberately put their hats in front of their faces when on their way to the Assizes.

We are no longer living in the Middle Ages—a period, be it noted, when falconry raged unchecked throughout the land because of the lack of suitable recording instruments. The old shibboleths have been cast aside and freedom of speech goes hand-in-hand with freedom to listen-in. Let us thank God that the old degrading notions of privacy, the hidebound reluctance to be spied upon, are fleeing like spectres before the dawn of Total Revelation.

The need for vigilance, however, is not yet over. The reactionaries still maintain their pockets of resistance, ready to take advantage of the slightest sign of weakness or wavering in our ranks. Bigots who so recently cried out against telephone tapping are still, we may be sure, intent on restoring the old obscurantist régime. Indeed there are serious signs of a counter-offensive. Only yesterday I was set upon while attempting, in the role of dummy at the Streatham Bridge Circle, to obtain evidence of back-biting and hysteria on behalf of the Card Prevention League. Sixty yards of sensational tape were torn up by infuriated women, some of whom appear to have been carrying tape-recorder detectors in their handbags. Earlier in the week a valuable pocket camera was wrested from me in the vestry of St. Michael's parish church by a vicar suspected of Popish practices. The sneaking habit of looking behind pictures for microphones at cocktail parties and similar functions is on the increase.

Nor is this all. It is an open secret that an intolerable campaign of persecution is now being waged against certain newspaper owners and their editors in an attempt to cramp their liberty of action. The campaign has gone far beyond the normal stream of dog-in-the-manger letters to *The Times*, complaints to the Press Council, etc. Such feeble flickers of atavism could safely be ignored. It is another matter

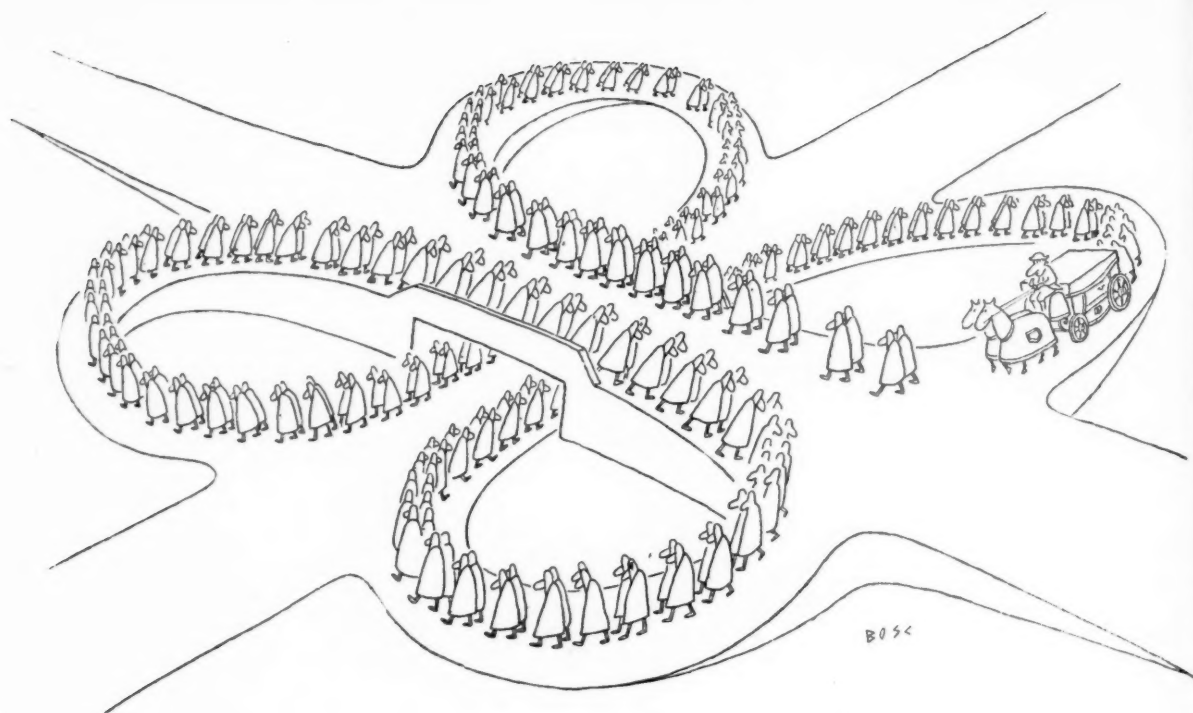
altogether when press barons are photographed repeatedly through their bathroom windows. I have indisputable evidence (gathered in hospitals, in mortuaries, at funerals and elsewhere) that relatives and friends of persons who deem themselves to have been "intruded upon"—note the term of prejudice—by the press at times of grief or trouble have banded themselves together into a kind of Camorra, sworn to take incessant photographs of those they hold responsible for the so-called intrusion. They are determined and truculent men. One well-known editor, whose only crime has been his desire to give his readers what he thinks they want, was recently invaded by no fewer than thirteen amateur cameramen at breakfast time and snapped with his mouth full of kedgeree. When he protested, he was told that the public had a *right* to see photographs of the man who had

published the most heartless picture of the year.

This campaign is dangerous, and difficult to counter. To condemn it openly, without infringing the vital principle that privacy is anti-social, is scarcely possible. Yet countered it must be. Already one newspaper owner is rumoured to have agreed to order his reporters out of a deliciously stricken household, on condition that a close-up of himself crying in a dentist's surgery was not sent to a rival paper. Press cameramen themselves are being hindered at their public-spirited work by crowds of retaliatory photographers. "Our freedom," as one Managing Editor put it, "to go anywhere and do anything is being gravely imperilled."

It is understood that a joint appeal to the Press Council is being considered by the press.





The Small Dreamer

R. G. G. PRICE examines the hopes of Premium Bond holders

THE dream of winning £75,000 from a football pool goes deeper than any other contemporary dream. It is fact-resistant. No shrinkage in the purchasing power of money affects it. To the pool investor the top prize means an endless life at expense-account level. All crude distinctions between capital and income, between net and gross, between taxed and untaxed are ignored. But what about Ernie's Dreamers? Their dreams, like their possible winnings, must be small.

The people who gain by having bond dreams rather than pool dreams are the kind of people who find the £75,000 dream frightening, the kind of people who know all about previous winners whose lives have been ruined by their fortune and have determined that if ever the golden shower should hit them they would do only petty things like giving an aged aunt a life-interest and hedging against inflation and setting up grave-

stones to dead pets. With £1,000 they can feel more at home, though even then extremists may have a nagging feeling that it could be invested to bring in several shillings a week, even after taxation, and that these shillings ought to be broken down into pence and sprinkled on each item in the family budget. Whereas the fall in the value of money is likely to sadden the successful pools winner who finds that he cannot have a yacht and a ranch and a permanent home in the Caribbean, it cheers up most of Ernie's beneficiaries because the less worth investing £1,000 gets, the more permissible it seems to blue it.

Whatever they may tell us about what a poor thing the contemporary pound is compared with pounds in the days when cigars were—was it sixpence or was that bottles of whisky?—a thousand of them are still worth having. Any but the most liberal of theologians will agree

that it is possible to go a good long way to the bad on it. Take food. Think how many oysters, lobsters, pheasants, bottles of champagne and *ballons* of brandy you can get for it. In terms of stepping up mortgage repayments or hiring baby-sitters for a married daughter the *income* from Ernie, even at the top of his form, is derisory; but in spendthrift terms it is very far from negligible.

However, the bond punters I happen to have consulted have turned out to be neither cheese-paring nor flighty in their dreams. By a curious coincidence they do not provide a cross-section of the investing public, but then, I sometimes feel, neither do their big brothers, the football pool interviewees.

Mr. T. H. is a balding underweight, and if he won he would use his winnings to publicize a plan for World Peace developed by a Finn who thinks aggressive impulses come from an excess of

minerals in the diet. He spoke vaguely of taking full-page advertisements in several newspapers. I pointed out that this was a football pool dream and sadly but hopefully he cut it down to handbills.

Mrs. de C. K. is petite, with matching eyes and an expression of controlled geniality. She describes herself as quite an ordinary person, really. She would divide the sum into two parts. With one she would have her daughters taught the 'cello until it ran out. With the other she would make transatlantic telephone calls to girls she was at school with who have married above her.

Miss T., a well-poised brunette, refused, flatly refused, to disclose her occupation, though she showed signs of having one. Her dream is to buy one or more original oil-paintings. She complains that she has always lived among copies. For her a big win would mean contact with the real thing. She was vague about prices but seemed to imagine that even a very struggling artist might expect £500 per picture.

Mr. C. F., who has a laugh like a rouser, said he would place one really big bet on a classic race. He had never had the thrill of real gambling because his stake had always seemed mean to him. He said he would put the thousand pounds on an outsider, get a good price, and make the bookie welsh.

H., a boy of fifteen whose parents had bought him one of the bonds as a present, showed a much better idea of the value of money than I had at the same age, when I thought that if I could get somebody to leave me £100 I could retire. He said he would have ten days in Paris. However, he did not understand about exchange control. When I had smashed that particular dream he looked reflective and said he could, he felt, spend at much the same rate in London.

The Reverend P. T., whose hobby is breeding peacocks, thought he could greatly increase his turnover. In a hurried afterthought he said he believed he had an old nurse who would welcome some little comforts.

Mr. and Mrs. C.-H. said they would use the money to pay debts. Apologizing for this unoriginal way of using it they explained that their object would be to make it possible to incur much handsomer debts in the future. Mrs. C.-H. travels in pedicure accessories. Her

husband, when asked his occupation, said he had often wondered.

My last source was an old, old man, who said he had had three careers. First he had been a cowboy. Then he had practised at the Parliamentary Bar. Finally he had been a market-gardener specializing in herbs used for flavouring. He was quite clear that he would use any windfalls as money to leave away from his family.

Well, at least the replies to my inquiries turned out to be considerably

nearer to the variety and unpredictability of life than if they had monotonously oscillated between binges and thrift. My own dream? To invest the £1,000 and use the interest for football pool stakes.

"Required to rent cheaply for 10 to 20 years a large house (about 10 bedrooms) not too derelict, but must be isolated, if possible with disused church near.—*Daily Telegraph*
Also planchette still in good condition.

THE BRITISH CHARACTER— TWENTY YEARS ON



Adaptability to Foreign Conditions

THIS was the first of Pont's comments on the British Character, and appeared in April 1934.

In those days most of the tropics belonged to the British, but the Empire, as it used to be called, has gone through many changes since then. The gentleman on the left of this picture and his wife, sitting opposite him, might well in 1934 have been representing our gracious Sovereign in some outpost of Africa. Look at them to-day. They are guests of two Syrian traders, Mr. Kassab (in dark glasses) and Mr. Hamwi (with the fine-drawn moustache), owners of the most prosperous trading company

in a newly-independent tropical republic. But are they ill-at-ease at having to play canasta instead of bridge, at having ridiculous little Union Jacks stuck on their tents, at being served with their drinks by boys stripped to the waist instead of dressed in decent white *kanzus* down to their ankles? Not a bit; their expression of well-bred insolence is exactly what they might wear at a Buckingham Palace garden-party. (You cannot see the lady's expression because she wears a topee to protect herself from the rays of the vulgarly bright lamp with which her hosts have replaced the hurricane lantern of British tradition.)

Room at the Middle

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

Notes on the Promotion and Pay of Executives

IT is a tricky business these days asking for a rise. There was a time when an executive could put in for an additional £500 p.a. simply by leaving a note on the boss's desk, but with the arrival of the credit squeeze, the Government's decision to get tough with the unions, and intimations of economic recession in America came the new ready reckoning. It is just no good now writing "I should be grateful if you would reconsider the financial terms of my employment. Something like £2,500 doesn't seem a wildly improbable figure for a man with my duties,

qualifications and knowledge of the firm's business." The chances are that the boss, harassed by his latest communication (on expense allowances) from Inland Revenue will reply "What the devil d'you mean by 'knowledge of the firm's business'? Blackmail is an ugly word, Carruthers—watch your step!"

But this doesn't mean that your salary has to stand still. In George Copeman's lively book* the executive is urged "to soften up the ground before each attack with hints—if possible in jovial circumstances. The joviality reduces the risk of being stampeded into an argument, an ultimatum and a much too heroic resignation . . . even words spoken in jest will sink in." Unfortunately, Mr. Copeman doesn't go into detail about this jovial approach, and to this extent his advice is suspect.

What follows, the fruits of a *Punch* research unit's fact-finding mission, is intended to repair the deficiency.

**Promotion and Pay for Executives* (Batsford).



"Careful! You'll send the confounded thing into an orbit."

1. The Hard Times Approach

"I say, sir," says Phillips, a senior buyer, "I suppose you wouldn't care to come along to the Bulldog League Smoking Concert on Saturday? Bring Mrs. Chew, if she can manage it, sir." Mr. Chew stops dialling, frowns.

"I didn't know you were a Bulldog, Phillips. How long . . ."

"Oh, I'm *not*, sir. I'm just a guest, one of the entertainers."

"Entertainers?"

"Well, sir, I do a bit of conjuring and so on. Only took it up recently. Rather fun, sir, if you like that sort of thing. And besides, the odd guinea or so helps out, you know, sir. Sure you won't come along, sir? You'd be very welcome. You've a great reputation with the Hertford branch as an enlightened employer and all that."

2. The Sartorial Approach

"By the way, chief, I've been meaning to mention this for some time. Deuced awkward, too. It's about Nevins, my assistant. Well—don't you think he dresses rather flashily, sir. I mean—for us."

"He's very smart, Phillips, if that's what you mean. And I like smart men to represent this company."

"Oh, dear, that makes things rather awkward for me, doesn't it?"

"Well, I must say, Phillips, these last few days you've seemed strangely casual and—er—well, rather untidy in appearance. Won't do, Frank, it won't do."

"You're quite right, sir. Hoped you wouldn't notice. I'll have to pull myself together. But of course I haven't got your figure, and good clothes cost the earth these days."

"You're making me cry, Frank."

"I know it's laughable, Mr. Chew, but I haven't been able to afford a new suit since my last increment, and that must have been way back in '55 . . ."

3. The Filial Approach

"Four chits for you to sign, Mr. Chew. Thank you, sir. Oh, and may I have your advice about a purely personal matter?"

"Not again, Phillips!"

"No, sir, Miss Scribbens is co-operating splendidly. Best secretary I've ever had. No, sir, it's a financial matter. Fellow at Smarthwaite's was telling me I ought to have a stab at a job with Filson's. Seems they're looking for a man of my age and experience to put on the board. Someone to keep an eye on their bonus incentive scheme. And this fellow at Smarthwaite's thinks I'm the type. Heard my name mentioned at Twickenham. So I told him I know nothing about incentive systems because we don't have one here, and he said it was a pity. Apparently they're all the rage. Anyway, I—"

"Get to the point, Phillips, I've got a luncheon appointment in half an hour."

"Oh, I just said that a seat on the board wasn't everything, that where salaries were constantly under review, as they are here, there seemed little point—"

"Are you asking for a rise, Phillips?"

"Good gracious, no, sir. Not in so many... Not exactly. I merely wanted to ask your advice about schools."

"Schools?"

"Well, I think you know, Mr. Chew, that I've got three children, and in ten years' time—less—I shall have to think seriously about their education. I thought you might..."

"Grammar schools, Phillips, get 'em into good grammar schools."

"Oh, I do agree, sir, absolutely. I was telling my wife only this morning. Mr. Chew's a grammar school product, I said, and he's risen by his own efforts to become managing director of his own business. Anyway, the point is, sir, that I thought you'd like to know that I turned the Filson's job down flat."

"Good. Now ring the Connaught and book me a table."

4. The Frivolous Approach

"Could you spare me a minute, Mr. Chew?"

"Willingly, Phillips, two."

"It's an unusual request, sir. I want you to sack me."

"Certainly, Phillips, but why?"

"I'm scared, sir. Kleptomania. No, I'm perfectly serious, sir. I've consulted a psychiatrist and he agrees that I'm in danger of a breakdown. D'you know that every day in the U.S. there are two hundred and seventy-three cases of embezzlement? Every day, sir."



"You see too much TV, Phillips."

"The psychiatrist says that it's brought on by frustration, and lack of security."

"Financial, I suppose."

"In a way, sir. And the odd thing, sir, this quack fellow said, is that quite a small improvement or adjustment would remove the tension responsible for the obsession."

"Losing your job isn't exactly a small thing, Phillips."

"No, no, Mr. Chew, he doesn't mean that. What he had in mind was..."

What d'you say, Mr. Copeman? Is this the kind of joviality you had in mind? Or have we missed the core of your message?

"Barrister, 20 years' standing, seeks suitable position."—Daily Telegraph
Try sitting.



On the Old 6.5

EENAGERS all, they muster from all parts of the kingdom, pour in a mob through the capital to the river at Hammer-smith, storm into the citadel of the Telly, the Bastille of our enlightened civilization, besiege and capture its much-coveted lenses and micro-phones. It is Saturday evening, this is the B.B.C. 6.5 Special, it is the revolution of the Do-it-Yourself generation in the Have-it-Done-for-You age. And what do you do? Why, you rock and you roll and you jive and you skiffle and you spasm-dance—what more can a man do?

Sans-cravates rather than *Sans-culottes*, these revolutionaries—counter-revolutionaries perhaps—show a distinctly reactionary trend. Their music harks back to the Good Old Days—those of slavery, when the negroes in the plantations sang because they couldn't read or write; those of the Great Depression, when the negroes in

the tenements made instruments out of junk because they couldn't get jobs. Their dances hark back to the more stilted days of the minuet, gentlemen keeping ladies, as they gyrate and genuflect, at a respectful arm's length—no healthy cheek to cheek but finger-tip to finger-tip, shunning the coarse embrace of waltz and fox-trot.

The costume too of these long-haired girls and tight-legged boys harks similarly back to less enlightened periods. Here is a lady in black stockings with a white bow on her head and ribbons trailing down behind it.

"Victorian," she says. "The Charleston period. *Your* period, I should think."

Another young lady affects the long, pointed fingernails of Chinese mandarin society, glistening sapphire blue. "Nail varnish and printer's ink," she explains. "They call me Inky Paws actually."

"Individualistic, sort of," remarks her escort, a tight-trousered young gentleman with a Roman coiffure, which he defines, patting it, as "Junior Cæsar."

There is, it is true, a certain encouraging progressive trend. "Bop? No, that's too conservative," says one with scorn. But this is counterbalanced by a disturbing disrespect for conformity: "Spasm? Sort of expressing ourselves, I suppose. That's what it is." And this is matched by a reactionary respect for class distinctions in a classless age: "Hand-jiving? We don't associate ourselves with that. It's teddy-boy stuff."

Here anyway the revolutionaries are, fresh from the music lessons and dancing classes, fully in possession of the studio, with the coke running freely, pulling up their bobby-socks and polishing their shoes with facial tissues ("for men"), and jiving away to the music with a solemn and sinuous intentness. The cameras on their great rolling gun-carriages fail altogether to run them down. The bands do their bidding: first the descendants of the Southland slaves, then the City spasm boys, blowing through funnels and combs, banging on frying-pans and washing-boards, honking on motor horns, singing a "boodle-am-boo" and

By LORD KINROSS . . .

a "tootle-am-too"—but also "Who rolled the stone away? Who rolled the stone away one day from the place where Jesus lay?"

For this is no anti-clerical revolution. Far from it. It is storming the citadels not merely of the Telly but of the Church. Here is a Jesuit priest from France, "with a sort of an aura about him," remarks Dennis the producer, also with a guitar, singing to it, as he has sung to millions on records and in cafés and stadiums.

O Lord be a Dear
And Hold on to me Tight.
I'm Safe if you're Near
And will Drive without Fear
Through the Night.

"I think the people is better than he seemed," he says. "Chiefly the young peoples."

Here also is an Anglican parson from Newmarket, all boyish and eager, saying "Yes, I love jazz. I love going to jazz sessions. We have lots of them in Newmarket. Where? Oh, the hotels give us rooms, they're very altruistically minded, and we've some enlightened publicans."

"And do the boys and girls come to church?"

"Well no. Once perhaps, but never again. I'm not selling them the church—not institutional religion. It's not lively enough. There's nothing modern about the services. The language is out of date—all those old prayers. The Bible was translated hundreds of years ago, and the hymn-tunes leave a lot to be desired. We need modern-type music. When we let them sing spirituals like 'Mary's Boy Child' the church was full."

"I'd sooner have religion at home, over a spiritual record," says a turtle-necked stable-boy.

Another turtle-neck, nodding towards the parson, says "He knows about jazz all right. And you should see him jiving. We call him Joe. Holy Joe."

As they jive off Holy Joe says to me "I try to help them. But I don't know what to do about that boy. He can't stick to a job. One day he'll buy some hot dogs and go out selling them. Next day he'll be tired of that and on to some new crazy idea."

Sort of expressing himself?

Native Mnemonics

"... 32,000 foreign natives . . ."
The Times

THE NATIVE FOREIGNER
HE has been called by God
(And qualified electors)
Neither to spare the rod
Nor *parcere subjectos*.

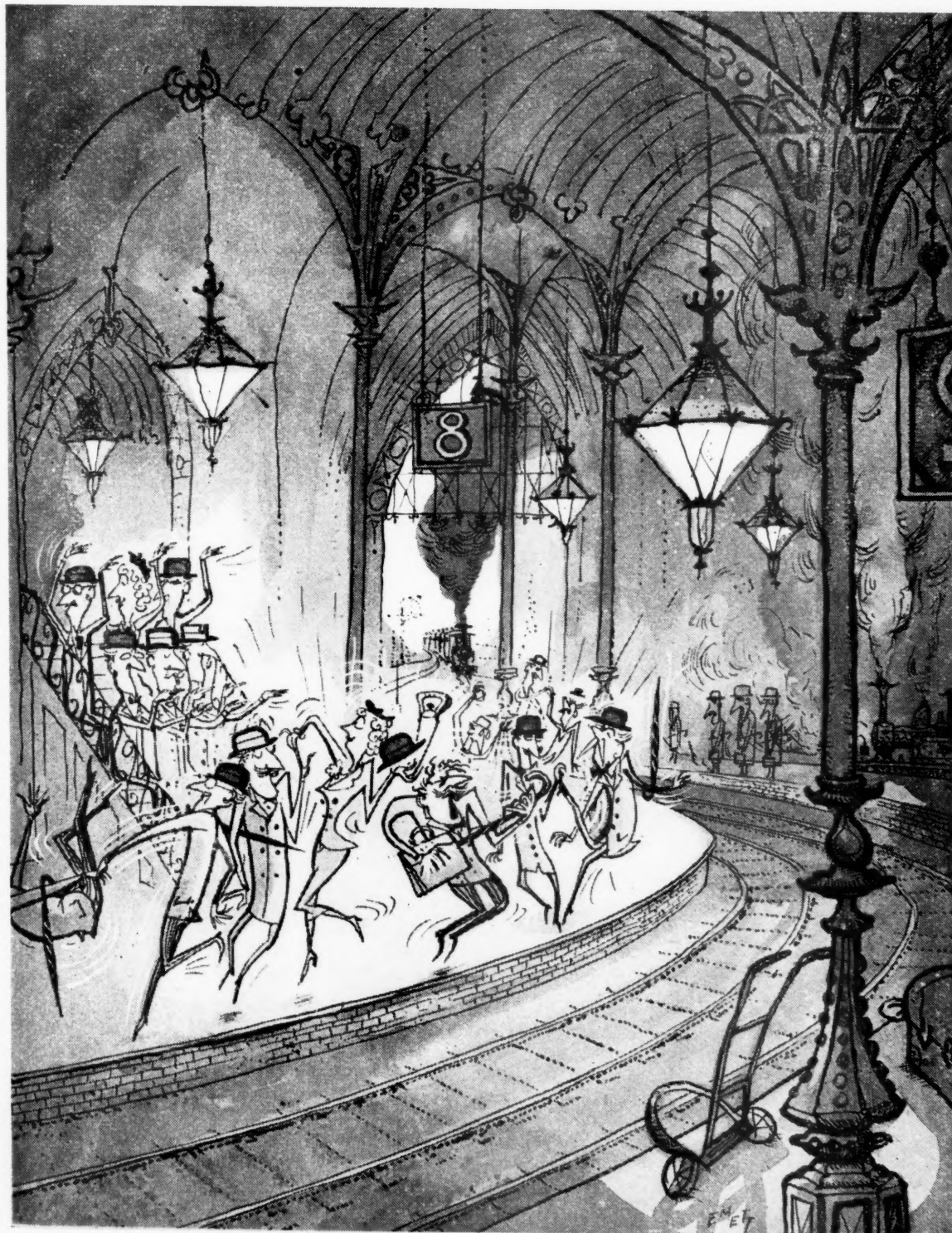
THE FOREIGN FOREIGNER
Whatever shade his hide,
His actual position
Can best be clarified
By hasty extradition.

THE NATIVE NATIVE
As has been demonstrated
He has a black exterior
To prove he was created,
And should be kept, inferior.

THE FOREIGN NATIVE
The same, but has preferred
To sneak in from one's neighbour
To enjoy, if that's the word,
A better chance of labour.

PETER DICKINSON

... and EMETT



"The train now arriving at platform eight is the six-five special for Chudleigh Magna, Lesser Deacon and Brinley Halt."

Tennysonianana

THE splendour falls from castle walls;
We sell our only genuine Titian;
The old Duke shakes among the fakes,
And charges five-and-six admission.
Blow, coach-horns, blow! Set the wild echoes flying!
Blow, coach-horns! Answer echoes "Dying, dying,
dying!"

☆

Marijuanha in the Moated Grange

With verdigris the kitchen-pots
Were thickly covered one and all;
Her matted hair hung down in knots
And there were gin-stains on the wall.
The open oven-door look'd strange,
The gas came hissing from the jets,
The ash of endless cigarettes
Littered the rusty cooking-range.
She only said "Would life were briefer!
He cometh not," she said.
She said "I want a reefer, a reefer.
I would that I were dead."

☆

Tycoons brighten, magnates quiver,
Little floozies blush and shiver,
Rockers roll into the river
At the film that runs for ever
With the Star That's Sizzling Hot:
30 hips and 18 waist,
40 bust (if tightly laced)—
See her burn to be embraced,
The Lady with the Lot.

☆

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She could neither weep nor pray,
For that same bomb from which he bled
Had killed her ninety miles away.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the Eastern sea,
Fourteen fishermen fish no more
Since they were fanned by thee.

☆

I come from haunts of Cop and Rob,
I make a girl called Sally;
And shucks to every peeping slob
Who snickers in the alley.

I loiter under moon and stars
In Bowery wildernesses;
I bum around the Neon bars,
Collecting new addresses.

I chatter, chatter, walking slow,
Toward the old East River;
For Cops may come and Robs may go,
But I go on for ever.

☆

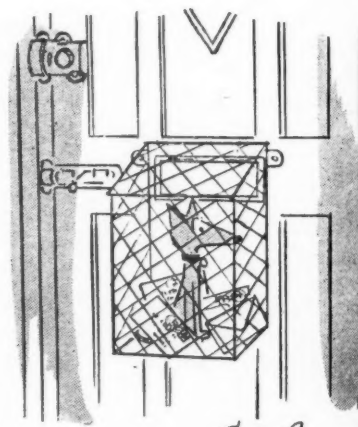
Quake, quake, quake,
On thy cold, grey course, O Man!
And I would that my tongue could utter
Death to the Dulles Plan.

O hell to the armament race
And the two-tongued, friendly toast!
O hell to the letters they send
In time for the very Last Post!

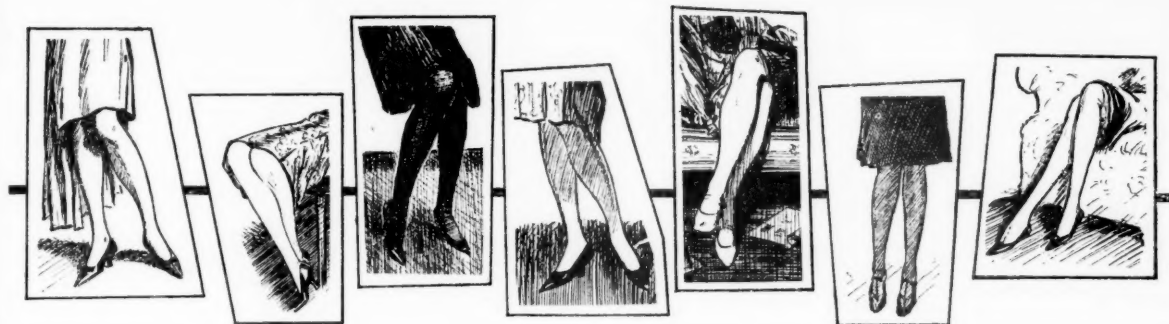
And the Christian scientists fire
Their satellites over the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd Hand
And the sound of a Voice that is still.

Quake, quake, quake,
On thy cold, grey course, O Man,
Seeking to end the world so soon
After it just began.

PAUL DEHN



Eric Burgin



Knees are Back

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

THE return of womens' knees is now a certainty. It is true that for the moment their return is stealthy; even the newest skirt is still an inch or two below that half-forgotten old joint, and the fashion photographers are still urging the models to break their knees gently on the reader. This is why a lady in an open-jacket suit reclining on page ninety-three of the current *Vogue* is hiding her knees with a handbag (freesia-pink nappa, if it matters); in another week or two she'll be able to fling the bag away and admit that she has the same folding mechanism half-way up her leg as all the other girls. So the men may as well face it, and not only when it sits craggily opposite in the Tube.

For the knee there is little to be said. Medically it is rheumatic. Visually it is disappointing. Erotically it is negligible. Even the most painstaking poets have had to give it, so to speak, the cold shoulder. There wasn't much in the female form that the song of Solomon regarded as a dead loss, what with hair like a flock of goats, teeth like a flock of sheep "which came up from the washing" (odd that no dentifrice commercial has picked on that), and a belly like an heap of wheat. His was no mean talent, was the poet's, but when it came to the knees he was given pause. "Thy knee is like unto . . . the rocky places of Mount Gilead? . . . the apples of Heshbon? . . . the stony way by the gate of Bath-rabbim? . . ." It never came right, and in the end he crossed it all out

and moved on elsewhere. As the Disney rabbit said—"If you can't say anything nice, don't say nothing at all."

What is to be the effect of re-exposed knees? Last time it happened we had the Charleston, talking pictures, Put-and-Take, the slump, the B.B.C., T. S. Eliot, the Eton crop, and Ramsay MacDonald. On the credit side we got nearly all Ireland off our hands, and enjoyed some very interesting murderers, including Mrs. Thompson and Ronald True. Until skirts are fully up to the 'twenties notch it is impossible to say what will happen this time, though politically of course it's going to be trickier for candidates' wives on well-raised platforms, and sociologically there is almost certain to be a slight drop in the matrimony rate. A married man looks for a bit of comfort, and after he's caught sight of what he's going to get in the small of his back on cold nights he may well think twice before committing himself. As far as industry is concerned, three sections seem bound to do well. Stockings will be in greater demand; under a long-skirt régime holes and ladders have been easily concealable in the upper reaches, but now . . . Cosmetics should boom, in the specialized field of knee pulchritude; soon beauty houses will set up new departments under the supervision of a svelte knee-counsellor, and the television commercials will be bright with knee-hormones, knee-sprays and pungent jingles:



"Why have knees that are bony and hatable?

Get a pair of PUFFPADS: they're inflatable!"

And we can expect a sharp climb in the sales of women's trousers. There will always be Englishwomen, thank heavens, who (a) spend enough time at the dressing-table already, without having to make their knees up too, (b) will fly to the opposite extreme of any fashion for their individualism's sake, and (c) aren't above changing their minds about pants now, even if they have always sworn no one would ever get them into a pair.

But perhaps the most valuable effect of the re-emergent knee, after all, will be to re-focus the masculine gaze lower down. Among the younger generation this will be out of curiosity to know what the female knee is like; and even when that's worn off they'll still keep looking, just trying to believe it. The older man's eyes will drop simply from sheer boredom with bosoms, and the result is likely to be that the women will, shrewdly enough, abandon the bulge that has ceased to impress, and the bureau of vital statistics will be forced into an agonizing reappraisal.

This does not necessarily mean of course that the official beauty contour won't appear elsewhere. An American theory already suggests that this will be somewhere round the back. We shall simply have to put up with this, when the time comes. After all, actresses have to live.



THE NEW MAYHEW—



RACING DOGS



OGS are no longer commonly kept for the sports of bear-baiting or rat-killing, although the hunting of stags and foxes by organized packs of hounds continues to form a feature of country life. In London and the larger towns, however, dogs are put to quite a different sporting use, a large and profitable business having been developed around the racing of greyhounds for prizes of money or trophies.

The greyhound is a breed of great antiquity. Their sense of smell being not above the ordinary, they hunt entirely by sight. The manner of the racing is as follows. The dogs being placed each in a separate cage (or "trap"), a simulated hare is introduced on to the course, around which it is then caused to circle, by means of a cunning mechanism. At a given moment, the dogs are released together (six dogs being the accepted number to run at any one time), and vie with one another in an attempt to kill the "hare." An agreed distance having been covered (usually between one quarter and one third of a mile), the quarry is caused to disappear; at which time the dog which has first crossed a certain line is judged to be the victor. Note is also taken of the second dog to cross the line, since wagers of marvellous complexity are laid, involving the two dogs which prove to have outstripped the rest.

This sport is openly carried on in arenas called stadiums, where it attracts wealthy patrons or members of the fancy, one of whom gave me the following account. (His portrait is here shown.)

"I come here one night a week regular. Two other nights I go somewhere else. Three nights a week I reckon enough at the dogs. Certainly I has a bet. What the hell else would I come for? Never you mind how much I makes. I do all right, don't you fret. I don't go short of nothing. Well, yes, I suppose some people loses, but they're mostly the poor people, as can't afford to gamble proper, or gets easy frightened. I'm an engineer by trade. I reckon to set aside my overtime as betting money, but it's a long time since I had to dip

A hundred years ago Henry Mayhew, a former joint-editor of PUNCH, wrote "London Labour and the London Poor." ALEX ATKINSON and RONALD SEARLE make a modern reassessment.

into that, I'll tell you. No, I never brings much. Eighty quid in one night was the most I ever come out with, and went home with eighty-two.

"Sometimes I bets to a system. No, I *wouldn't* let you in on it, nor anybody else neither, not for a hundred quid I wouldn't. Other times I just uses my judgment. *Certainly* judgment has to be used, otherwise you're pouring money down the grid. Why, judgment about what a dog's done before, of course, and what trap it's down for, and the best times of all the other dogs, and all like that. It all has to be weighed up. You have to keep a notebook, with a record of all the times and all, and pick out your winners in that way. No, mate, I don't make mistakes, not me, not often. Well, a dog can make a mistake, certainly, but that's act of God, I can't help that.

"Well, the hazards are, one dog might start to scrap, see, or your dog might get bumped, or squeezed out, or boxed in, or tripped up, or messed about with in one way or another. That's just hard cheese, that is."

(I asked him next to tell me something of the judging, for the animals attain a great speed, and frequently two or three will reach the line together.) "Well, they takes a photo, see, and then there's no argument. Of course, sometimes the crowd don't hold with what the judges say, and that's when they might start to break things up and show their temper. I never takes no part in the likes of that. I keeps to myself. You get some proper tearaways [quarrelsome fellows] at the dogs, and if I was you I'd keep my b—y mouth shut. Still, it's the best way I know of passing an evening. Sometimes I fetch the missus, but she'll most times just stop in the bar. She's more for a hand of solo."

My own observations show that such satisfaction as may be gained from a visit to the racing dogs is seldom reflected in the faces of the sportsmen

present. They seem for the most part mournful, bad-tempered, or afraid. Almost without exception they shuffle wearily about between events with a suspicious or resentful expression, and appear generally very secretive. A man who brings off a *coup* will creep into the shadows, counting his money before crushing it into a hidden pocket, and will then sidle back into the crowd as though fearful that at any moment he may be stabbed from behind. A man who loses a wager will frequently dash his ticket to the ground, using the foulest possible language to curse this dog or that, and then look about him as though in search of someone to fight. And thus they variously take their evening's pleasure.

Many indeed will show no interest in the spectacle of the races themselves (which certainly contain many elements of excitement), preferring to skulk in the dark caverns under the rows of seats, drinking, or spitting, or biting their nails, or savagely whispering in gangs, or observing the progress of the "betting," or scowling into their race-cards. I would have put one quarter of them down as cut-throat burglars had I not been assured that they were well-to-do members of the fancy. In a mass they presented a truly hellish sight when, towards the end of each race, they rose to their feet in their thousands and howled, some in half-demented fury, some in hysterical, rapacious delight, but all at the full power of their lungs and with the most fiendishly debased expressions it would be possible to imagine outside the nightmares of the tortured and the damned.

The dogs themselves are well cared for, and seem clean and likeable.

Next Week: An Exhibitor of Tableaux, Vocalists, etc.

"BLIZZARD SWEEPS WESTERN EUROPE LONDON. (UP) The worst blizzard in three years buried the south coast of England with 5-foot drifts to-day, cutting off villages, closing coal mines and paralyzing transportation.

Across the English channel, huge masses of snow poured down on southern Norway." *Pasadena Star-News*

Everything looks different in the snow.

Toby Competitions

No. 4—Stop Knocking

"DRINK to me only with thine eyes." Considering this as "knocking copy," write, on behalf of the allied vintners, distillers and brewers, a letter of reasoned protest to the united musicians and vocalists requesting that this number be not sung.

Conditions at foot of page.

Report on Competition No. 1

Punch's first competition produced an encouragingly large number of entries. The subject was a commercial television jingle to advertise Sadler's Wells Ballet, Mescaline, Norman Hartnell, Unesco, *Encounter*, or the Anti-Blood Sports League. Many verses had considerable merit, and this was the trouble; some were too neatly turned and subtle in flavour to be acceptable to an advertiser demanding a simple, easily-memorable rhyme. On this score several skilled versifiers unwilling to pull their punches had to be denied the prize, which was awarded to

WILFRID TYLDESLEY
5 North View
Wimbledon
London, S.W.19

for the following jingle:

I'm Mescaline,
Joy without sin.
A dose of me
Brings ecstasy,
And a minute becomes
A century.

Yes, Mescaline.
I'm rapture's djinn.
Forget your woe,
And off you go
To Arcady plus:
You'll love it so.

The most popular subjects were Mescaline, Norman Hartnell, Sadler's Wells and the Anti-Blood Sports League. Few chose *Encounter* or Unesco.

Commendably brief—an important ITV characteristic—were these two:

Unesco means less go to war than to Desk-o
(J. A. Orde, 34 Graham Park Road,
Gosforth, Newcastle.)

To surprise all your friends and keep
sorrows away

Take a Mescaline tablet three times a day.
(I. Holden, 106 George Street,
Portman Square, London, W.1.)

The insistent, repetitive product-plugging vein was well caught by this one:

Mescaline, Mescaline,
Sixteen visions in every tin,
Mescaline, Mescaline,
The easy way to rapture.

But that was only the chorus. This competitor (Watson Taylor, 215 Brompton Road, S.W.3) had preceded it with a verse too long to be characteristic:

Do you crave a true awareness of the
colour of your tie?

Do you long to sense the darkness of
your desk?

Are you after more sensation or just
deeper concentration?

Then undoubtedly you need a shot of
Mesc.

This one, too, had the right ring:

Twinkle, twinkle toes, the Stars,
Watch them dance their entrechats,
High above the Danse de Palais
At the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet.

(J. G. H. Paterson, The Bath Club,
74 St. James's Street, S.W.1.)

An attractive quatrain, but not really
what one expects from ITV:

In '66, on Senlac Hill,
The day went well for Norman Bill,
Vital statistics in our day
Yield to Norman Hartnell's sway.

(J. P. Pintel, 67 Horn Park Lane)
Lee, London, S.E.12.)

This one, from which one stanza has
been left out, was over-long but other-
wise well in the groove:

Come rally to the ballet,
Pray do not shilly-shally,
It's better than the Palais,
At Sadler's Wells.

Bring Milly and bring Sally,
The vicar and the valet,
Quit the Palais and the Hallé
For Sadler's Wells.

(Mrs. D. M. Haigh, Field House,
Kirkheaton, Huddersfield.)

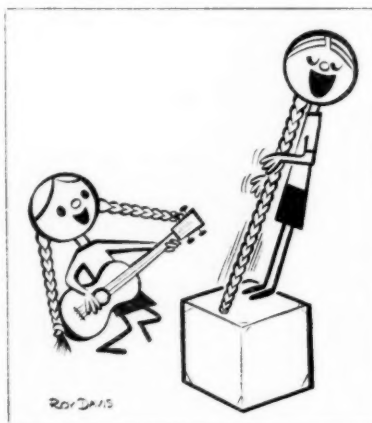
One must now turn to the competitors
who set their sights too high. Extracts
from their work show its quality, but also,
unfortunately, its unsuitability for this
febrile, quick-fire medium:

Can you hear the woodworm munching
at the timber 'neath the floor?

Do achromatic objects scintillate and
make you blink?

Does the texture of the fixture pendant by
the bathroom door

Conjure midget *Ouled Nails* from the
plug-hole in the sink?



264

VOICE: If not—you need a shot of Mitty's
Moonshine Mescaline, double filtered,
thrice distilled, and four times the value
in the bottle with the built-in gauze dis-
penser—Plus—the stopper with the tip-
top drip-stop.

FOUR IN HARMONY:

So—o—o

Lubricate the hinges on the doors of your
perception,
By Christopher! inject a little glitter on
the gloom.

Make a puncture for the tincture with the
needle of transition
Your money is refunded if chimeras fail
to bloom.

(Gerald Hinch, 15 Grotto Road,
Weybridge, Surrey.)

Mescaline is mild and mystic!
Take a phial home to-day;
Make your prayer life realistic
In the famous Aldous way.

Treats await the one who sips
Wisdom from the Mexique waste,
Soluble apocalypse,
Clean, non-habit, pleasant taste.

To antic hi-fidelities,
California, here we go!
Hosts of doting devotees
Meditate in stereo.

With perception more specific
Brave new overworlds may loom.
VistaVision beatific—
Patmos in your living-room!

(The Rev. Eric L. Thacker, Scarisbrick
House, 23 Fern Street, Farnworth, Bolton,
Lancs.)

Toby bookmarks will be sent to all
competitors quoted above, and also to the
following, for whose rhymes there is no
space:

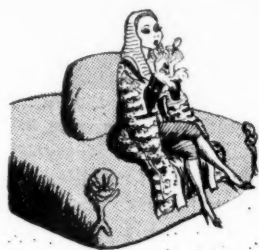
Bernard Balkin, 8 Hill Rise, Greenford,
Middlesex; Laurel Harris, 21 Wrens
Avenue, Tipton, Staffs; J. H. M. Sykes,
71 Chaucer Road, Bedford; Roger Till,
14 Western Hill, Durham; Frank Thring,
5 Trebovir Road, London, S.W.5; The
Rev. W. G. O'Connor, St. Laurence's
Vicarage, Morecambe, Lancs; G. P.
Wheeler, 224a Woodhouse Road, North
Finchley, N.12; Eric Parrott, 47 Daver
Court, Chelsea Manor St., Chelsea, S.W.3;
Michael H. Kearney, Hamilton Hall, St.
Andrews, Fife.

CONDITIONS

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch*
original, to be selected from all available
drawings, is offered for the best entry.
Runners-up will receive Toby bookmarks.
Entries (any number, but each on a separate
piece of paper and accompanied by a
separate entry token, cut out from the
bottom left-hand corner of this page), by
first post on Friday, February 28, to TOBY
COMPETITION No. 4, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie
Street, London, E.C.4. The winning entry
and runners-up will be published on
March 12. Competition No. 2 winner and
runners-up will appear on February 26, and
those for Competition No. 3 on March 5.
Competition No. 5 will be set on Wednesday,
February 26.

TOBY

4



Essence of Parliament

saying it in a Defence debate; and meanwhile Mr. Bevan, now perhaps Mr. Gaitskell's only loyal supporter, sits statesmanlike on the Front Bench and explains the difference between breeding and breeding pigs. Such adventurous Socialists as there are, are upstairs in a committee room engaged upon the curious manœuvre of electing Mr. Stephen Swingle as their king. Tuesday's question-time and the succeeding half-hour were spent in bombarding Mr. Henry Brooke about rents. But Mr. Brooke is better at stonewalling than at scintillating. He has got his Act and now therefore has nothing further to play for but a draw. It looks as if he will make it provided that his colleagues at the other end do not get themselves out. Thence to redistribution of seats and a welcome, if unusual, alliance between Dr. Pickthorne and Mr. Chuter Ede, agreeing that they preferred history to mathematics when deciding boundaries.

It would be hard to imagine a more tepid welcome ever given to any bill than that given by the Commons to the Life Peerage Bill. The McCarthyites and the Novocastrians united to damn it. The Socialist Mr. Henry Osborne was its only unexpected lover. Apart from him, no one except Mr. Butler seemed to have a word to say for it—and he not so very many words. Nor was it the women—poor dears—who were the trouble. They hardly got a sentence said about them from beginning to end. The Socialists followed the party line about it—some, like Mr. Bowles and Miss Lee, because they did not want a House of Lords at all, and others like Mr. Gaitskell because they were party leaders and therefore had to follow the party line, even though they were not quite sure what it was. Not even Lord Tenby's membership of it could reconcile Lady Megan Lloyd George to a House of Lords. But the surprise of the debate was the vigour of Conservative back-bench repudiation of it as neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring. Mr. Enoch Powell, released from the shackles of office, led off this attack—rather well—and then Lord Hinchingsbrooke, Mr. Ronald Bell, Sir Thomas Moore and Lord Lambton rallied to his support. Mr. Wingfield Digby, alone of all back benchers, welcomed the bill, and his welcome, as he said, was “a not very enthusiastic one.” Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd made quite a good Bagehot speech in philosophic mood, but except that he said that he was speaking for the Government, his speech might as well have been on the one side as the other. As Thursday wore on Socialists waxed more and more indignant against the hereditary principle. One quite saw their point—but, though heredity can perhaps be overdone, yet it was not, until recently at any rate, considered actually disgraceful to have a father. An Upper Chamber entirely recruited by methods of A.I.D. is perhaps the solution.

PERCY SOMERSET

Our Shakespearians

“Among the novelties are circular Swiss handkerchiefs decorated with realistic looking cherries and strawberries. The latter might be called ‘Ophelia’ hankies, after the strawberry embroidered handkerchief which causes all bother in ‘Othello.’”

Liverpool Daily Post



AH, the poor sad men that govern us. In former times politicians used to catch their opponents bathing and run away with their clothes. In these more generous times—at Rochdale at any rate—they actually present them with a pair of bathing pants. But it does not seem to do the Conservative recipients much good. It was a crestfallen lot of Tories which assembled for question-time on Thursday, and Mr. Butler was hard put to it to find a convincing answer to Mr. Emrys Hughes's “When is the Prime Minister coming back and why?” His riposte to Mr. Gaitskell that the Socialist candidate got in on a minority vote and with a decreased poll over that of the General Election was true enough as far as it went, but, if henceforth there are going to be three-cornered contests, not much comfort to the Conservatives. Nor does anyone out of Westminster imagine that because the public is coming to like the Conservatives less it is coming to like the Socialists more. Neither of them was really pleased, nor could even the five other Liberals be quite without anxiety. For they sit there by Tory votes, and Mr. Kennedy may well by his very success have succeeded in unseating them. The only Member of Parliament who had any real reason to be pleased was Mr. Grimond and he is far too well mannered to cheer himself.

If only either party had the guts to show up the other, what Parliamentary times we could be having. But, as it is, while the Socialists dare not repudiate the principles of Senator McCarthy, the Conservatives seem to be basing themselves on the principles of the eighteenth-century Duke of Newcastle—“the hubble-bubble man.” “Annapolis, Annapolis, certainly we must send troops to Annapolis. By the way, where is Annapolis?” One can just imagine a modern Conservative Cabinet Minister

Under New Management

By T. S. WATT

Luke Ramsay, a clerk employed by the North Western Banking Company, has arrived in a remote and mountainous part of northern England to take up a position in a recently opened branch. He is sent by the manager to lodgings at Cataract Farm, where he meets Pindate, one of his new colleagues. Pindate tells Ramsay that Mintaway, the general manager, owes his meteoric rise to the intervention of a supernatural power.

II—Pindate's Story

"REALLY, Pindate," protested Ramsay uncomfortably, "you can hardly expect me to believe that! When a mere minor irregularity such as wearing a sports jacket on Saturday morning has been sufficient to jeopardize a man's whole career, what would be the consequences of some unsavoury association with a supernatural power? Why, Mintaway would never have risen above the postage stamps, let alone to the highest position the bank has to offer!"

"When I first encountered Mintaway," said Pindate, ignoring Ramsay's bewilderment, "I was a ledger clerk at our Troutmere branch and he was third cashier. I had never met anyone like him. He was tall and powerfully built, good-looking in a flashy way, with a devil-may-care swagger unusual in a cashier, but it was his attitude towards the customers that immediately set him

apart in the most astonishing fashion from any other bank man with whom I had ever worked.

"On my first morning at the branch I was checking a signature at the counter when Mintaway arrived to set his cash in order before the start of business. You can imagine my amazement when I saw him place a bottle of whisky beside his till, together with a jug of water and several small glasses. The chief cashier flushed angrily but made no comment. At about eleven o'clock Mintaway helped himself to a stiff drink and pushed the bottle over to an elderly deposit who had just paid in a dividend warrant. The man poured out a little whisky, added water, swallowed it, and with a word of thanks and a pleasant 'Good morning' left the bank."

"Incredible!" ejaculated Ramsay.

"So I thought, naturally. However, I had no time to dwell upon the matter,

since my work, which was strange to me, occupied all my attention. During the next hour or so I was vaguely conscious of the clinking of glasses and of raised voices, but I took no notice until shortly after twelve, when a hoarse shout of 'Rummy!' and a tremendous oath from Mintaway sent me hurrying to the counter. Mr. Potts, the first cashier, white with anger, was standing in front of his stock of notes, and Mintaway, much flushed and with a long black cigar clamped between his clenched teeth, seemed to be trying to push him aside. The counter was littered with playing cards and reeking glasses, and two customers, supporting a third between them, were staggering uncertainly towards the door. 'I'll win it back to-morrow, by ——!' Mintaway was shouting.

"Well, this was of course something completely new in my banking experience. Counter officials were expected, as they still are, to set an irreproachable standard of conduct, and I could well recall the sensation at Head Office when the chief inspector caught one of the cashiers sucking a cough sweet while on duty, and the sight of the culprit's white face and miserable eyes as he was led away to the board room. My first thought, naturally, was of the manager. How could he possibly countenance such a state of affairs? The explanation, I found, was two-fold. First, Mintaway's flamboyant personality and truculent manner had intimidated Mr. Crouch, who weakly attempted to conciliate his cashier by himself assuming, though with little conviction, a roistering and devil-may-care demeanour. Secondly Mintaway, strange to say, was profitable to the branch. For one thing, he had an irresistible fascination for women, who would not only transfer their accounts to Troutmere branch but were often cajoled into persuading their friends to follow suit. It was said that one coquettish little deposit alone, for the sake of a few leers from those bloodshot eyes, had brought the branch the best part of ten thousand pounds' worth of new business. Then Mintaway's gambling could often be turned to good account, since a lucky customer could be approached by the manager and advised to invest his winnings in certain stocks—stocks which he might be forced to sell later in the month, when Mintaway regained the ascendancy,



"Hear that noise? That's the roar of the giant dynamos powered by the atomic energy harnessed from the sea."



"Which of these lamp standards are the eyesores?"

thus securing a double commission for the branch. Notwithstanding all this, to conduct banking on such lines was to court disaster, as Mr. Crouch was soon to discover.

"The day after my arrival Mintaway sent out invitations to a small informal dance, to be held in the main body of the bank at three o'clock on the Thursday of the following week, the guests being selected from his card-playing cronies and from the many bright-eyed little deposits and home safes who jostled each other daily before his till. The manager told Mintaway that he had never looked forward to anything so much in the whole of his life, but locked himself into his room at two o'clock on the day of the dance. Potts

strongly condemned the whole affair, and would have nothing to do with it.

"Thursday turned out to be an exceptionally busy day, and when the orchestra arrived at a quarter to three they had some difficulty in clearing a way for themselves and their instruments through the packed mass of customers, and in mounting the counter to take up the positions assigned to them by Mintaway. At five to three pandemonium reigned. Potts was upbraiding the double-bass fiddle player, into the body of whose instrument a fifty-pound packet of ten-shilling notes had fallen; the remainder of the orchestra struck up a lively jig; Mintaway's hoarse shouts arose above the popping of champagne corks; some

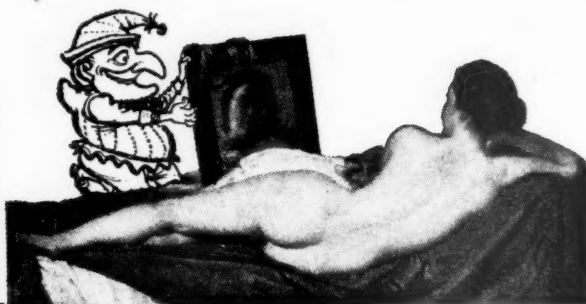
early guests were already dancing, laughing uproariously as they collided with customers clamouring for attention; and into all this walked the assistant general manager of the bank, followed by the chief inspector and three of his assistants."

Next week: The Ticklies

How Diplomatic Can You Get?

"Mr. Yuriy Modin, First Secretary at the Soviet Embassy in London, told a deputation who for an hour yesterday discussed with him the use of animals in satellites and rockets, that the general attitude was that in scientific experiments animals must come first."—*The Times*

FOR
WOMEN



More Money Than Taste

THE other day I was walking through the fields in my good elbow-length washable doeskin gloves thinking how shaming it was to have such absolutely pots of money and still not be sure of what to wear with what, when I met these people looking for a horse to lean a Model Girl up against. "Darling," they yelled, "you'd be divine if you'd just lose about thirty pounds and not be so *white*. It's Porridge this month, how often do we have to tell you? And a redredred mouth. What do you want out of life?" "I want the Best Taste," I said, all barriers down, for it was clearly the big moment of truth. I distinctly sensed an angel with indispensable classic three-quarter beaver-lined travelling wings and no age-tag whizz over our heads. "And we," they said pretty gravely, "have got that crazy uncluttered thing."

And that was when I Came to Realize, as they say in the films, I'd been missing so much and so much. Dramatic asymmetry, casual distinction, impeccable exactitude, spice-notes, colour-accents, all, all had been mere words to me. I had no notion of how to make a superbly simple statement in blond mink, and the thought of translating a gym-slip to sublime sophistication had never occurred to me. A new world was revealed, in which colour could be thought of in terms of food, and fabrics and seams discussed in the language of architecture, engineering, and grand opera. Once you've got the code there's something madly riveting about the muted luminous cantilevered harmonics of black worsted, or the A Major coloratura mezza voce con brio sprechgesang of a mustard satin cloche



punctuating the trend-setting subliminal Gregorian Chant of a late-day chemise in refreshingly humorous charmeuse, the good-looking down-beat hem looped back over a hushed waist and bouffant side-panels to merge imperceptibly with the scoop-neckline, the subdominant pentatonic midriff defined by a whopping butterfly bow extraordinarily reminiscent of Stan Kenton and Fra Angelico.

And another thing. It's not just that I'm now fully equipped to dash off at a moment's notice to attend Ascot, a Presentation Party, Henley, Glyndebourne, a Little Dinner in Chelsea or Soho, or take a brisk gallop through the park with my Afghan hounds and team of husky puppies, knowing that I'll never again get my One Important Jewel in the wrong place or my lace helmet muddled with my wind-sock. It's the added confidence it gives a girl to know her mind is every bit as well-groomed and cared-for as her elbows and eyebrows. Gone for ever are those dreadful days when I used to take my mind out to lunch and feel everybody staring at its chipped varnish and crooked seams and utter lack of Cleansing, Toning and Nourishing. Try using a whole raft of sable-hair paint-brushes for your regular mental make-up, the way the Model Girls do, and you'll be *amazed*.

This month I'm on a high-protein diet of Baroness Blixen and Zen Buddhism, and my living-room is a resolved conflict of polarized high-key tensions involving a Regency bird-cage, a Victorian postcard-stand from Swanage, and a gigantic painting in tar and pebble-dash by a Caucasian-born biochemist.

And I don't walk through the fields

any more. I lean up against horses and worry about how to live graciously with the Landseer my aunt left me before I started reading these magazines and enlarging my cosmic awareness.

SIRIOL HUGH JONES

Travelling Tycooness

IN Claridges, favourite hotel of ex-royalty, the Americans are magnificently non-ex; and so much richer than royalty . . . richer in vitamins, hormones, and humour. Among last week's arrivals was Mrs. Norma Geer, for thirty years European representative of the Celanese Corporation of America. She now has her own publicity business, the Celanese Corporation being her principal client. "Yes, you can call me highly-paid—I've always been highly paid; above the 'little income bracket' of forty to fifty thousand dollars."

She has, of course, an apartment on Park Avenue; but after the war she lived in Paris, carving out a market for acetate fabrics in a country of pure silks and in other acetate-hostile European capitals. Yet she is a tycooness with sheathed claws, and much tenderness towards the British ("I just love your women's voices"); and has worked to get editorial publicity in America for British fashions. Her tenderness embraces all those who earn their daily bread, and reaches back home to *Les Girls*, average age fifty, the most exclusive women's club in the world. There are only eleven members, all "real fashion girls" such as Mary Lewis, recently bought by Sears Roebuck. When *Les Girls* lunch together their combined incomes must lift the ceiling.

Tenderness turns almost to tears when Mrs. Geer speaks of her imported Yorkshire terrier, the chic-est dog on Park Avenue, whose coats are made by

ALISON ADBURGHAM

MARGARET USBORNE

“Bumper” comprising Clay Overall, pr. new Wellingtons labelled LOOK INSIDE!!! (contents 4 oz. Wool, Loose Beads, Mustard, Cress), 3 lb. Kapok, Riding Jacket with tacked-up cuffs and anxious instructions (we have often been praised for the anxiety of our instructions), Set Pocket Chessmen, 2 Pawns being of Nail-Varnished Plasticine, 38 sheets top-quality paper embossed home address, Odd Sock.

ANGELA MILNE

Daily Express



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEAR SIR,—May I comment on the banner shown in the Sprod cartoon, "Vote ☐ Ludovic Kennedy," with a television-type jingle beneath?

Feeling cross? You are quite right;
Xs make an unfair fight.
Sprod has shown the antidote:
1, 2, 3 we ought to vote.

Yours sincerely

ENID LAKEMAN

London, S.W.1

CHARACTER WORK

To the Editor of *Punch*

SIR,—Your series of republished drawings by Pont raises a point about comic art which I cannot get cleared up. This artist, like many of his contemporaries, drew recognizable characters. "I know a man like that," you said to yourself as you looked at the drawing, which gave added pleasure the more closely it was examined. To-day this is not so. Most comic artists work in conventions of their own, a few adroit lines serving for a face that never was on sea or land. The point of the joke, it is argued, is all; why waste time on laborious detail that does nothing to

enhance the quip? But, sir, some old fuddy-duddies like to dwell on a drawing, casting their failing eyes over each corner of it, extracting a senile smile from this or that lovingly rendered extravagant quirk. Can nothing be done, occasionally, for these reactionaries?

Yours faithfully,

Exeter

EVERARD WILSON

BY JINGO

To the Editor of *Punch*

DEAR SIR,—Your reproduction of a Leech cartoon of 1848 started an argument. The phrase in the caption "If you kill me, by Jingo, it's murder" suggested the use of "By Jingo" in its chauvinistic sense. But this was clearly not so, because the music-hall song "We don't want to fight but by Jingo if we do" was not published until 1878, when there was talk of Britain intervening in the Russo-Turkish War on the side of the Turks. The usage merely as a minced oath, which of course Leech was employing, seems to be as old as the seventeenth century.

Yours sincerely

Basingstoke

HORACE MARLOW

ANTI—

To the Editor of *Punch*

SIR,—I would like to comment in round terms on this column and, if possible, in this column. The last five years have made it reasonably clear that nobody has much idea about what *Punch* ought to be, but I have strong feelings about what it ought not to be—just another weekly magazine, with its reviews, competition, Diary, and now this column.

You may say that these are only straws in the wind, but if you allow them to fly so thick one of them is bound to land on the camel's back.

Yours, etc.,

J. R. FRAMPTON

London, W.2

—AND PRO

To the Editor of *Punch*

SIR,—We have always been told that *Punch* isn't what it was. How delightful it is to find that this continues to be true, for *Punch* has not always been what it should be. I must congratulate you on recent changes; The New Mayhew, the *Punch* Diary and the Women's Pages are all greatly to my liking. I am not alone, for the communal copy in this students' hostel now disappears every week and I have to buy my own!

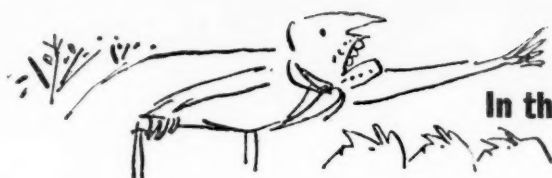
Yours faithfully,

London, W.C.2

T. P. SULLIVAN



GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS



In the City

Looking after the Pence

RATHER more than a year ago Sir Simon Marks, Chairman of Marks & Spencer, had one of his flashes of inspiration. Like Columbus's egg, Sir Simon's flashes may seem in retrospect to be glimpses of the obvious; but make no mistake about it, they are truly inspired when they occur.

Sir Simon had been pondering three sets of facts and figures. The first was a bunch of reports from other companies showing that costs were going up and were likely to go up further. The second was a chilling indication from within his own organization that the rate of increase in the turnover of business was falling. It was still going up but not as fast as in the previous year and not at a rate that would satisfy Sir Simon's exacting standards. The third was an even more chilling intimation from the high priests of the Capital Issues Committee that they would not sanction an issue of capital on which he had counted to finance the further expansion of his business. Even in our free society there is no right of appeal against the C.I.C. Its chairman Lord Kennet and his colleagues do not even have to explain or justify their decisions.

The conclusion which Sir Simon made from the third of these items was "Then I must make more profits out of which to pay for capital development." But more profits would be very difficult to earn, given items number one and number two.

That is the point at which inspiration flashed. The answer to numbers one, two and three must be a reduction of costs. "Lower costs will enable Marks & Spencer to resist the upward pressure of prices and might even lead to lower prices. Lower prices should increase turnover, and a higher turnover, even with a smaller margin of profit, will increase profits and enable me to cock a snook at Lord Kennet *et al*"—so, one imagines, ran Sir Simon's thoughts as one morning he was musing in his bath.

Thus was born the campaign to which Marks & Spencer gave the code name "Good housekeeping."

The campaign succeeded, thanks to a bonfire of unnecessary forms and a holocaust of sacred cows. Let one of

these victims provide an example: The storerooms in each shop had from time immemorial been holy ground, trodden only by the manager and by special storeroom staff. If more supplies were needed on the counter a chit had to be filled, signed, countersigned, sent down to the storeroom where special staff, wearing special uniforms, would be detailed to carry the goods to the counter. All that has been changed. Now the padlocks are off and the counter

assistants go and help themselves. This break with tradition shocked many of the old hands, but there have been no salutes from the *morituri*, because there have been no deaths, no redundancies.

Through these and other measures "Good housekeeping" has succeeded so well that Marks & Spencer have not only been able to beat inflation but to pass on their economies to the consumer. Our new Chancellor of the Exchequer said the other day "When costs of production are coming down, some of the benefits should go to the consumer in the form of lower prices, rather than all of it to the producers in the form of higher profits and higher wages."

Marks & Spencer are heeding that advice—in their own interests, of course, but, as it happens, very much in the national interest also. SLICKER



On the Field

Memoirs of a Goalkeeper

I TOOK to goalkeeping young, unlike so many who drift slowly backwards and finish between the posts. Originally, I wasn't chosen for my aptitude but because I talked too much out of goal. The referee, who taught us Maths and Soccer, said one afternoon "Enough of this ghastry chattering; Glasgow, you go in goal, where you can talk to yourself as much as you like." From that moment I began, almost involuntarily, to gather material which I have often meant to put into a book, *Thirty Years Under the Cross-bar*. To such a work there is, besides laziness, one objection. The area around a goalkeeper is hot. Unsuccessful forwards and disappointed spectators make remarks which, though interesting at the time, afterwards bring regret and disavowal. Indeed if I had done even half the things that I have been asked to do when standing in goal I should consider myself an unusually obliging man.

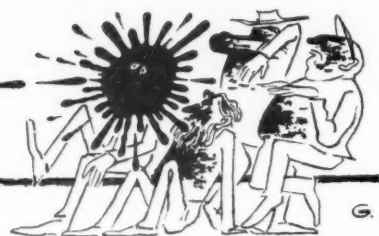
It would, however, be churlish to censor one peculiar incident. I was substituting for the more regular goalkeeper in a match rather above my status. Excitement ran, as they say, high. Already our left-half had given his name to the referee for calling him, as it turned out, "a brassy old cheese." Five minutes remained for play, and the score was one-all, then their centre-

forward broke clear. I saw the light of triumph in his eyes. He was poised to shoot and—an anonymous spectator blew a whistle. The ball, feebly struck, trickled into my hands. In those days we custodians punted the ball, instead of throwing it away like an unwanted grenade. I punted it to our inside-right who scored while the defenders were appealing. The disappointed centre-forward? It finished him. He might have become a star, writing a weekly column in a newspaper, or sitting in expensive silence on the television screen. Instead, he retired into obscurity and the tallow-chandling business.

If you want my advice on goalkeeping, and even if you don't, here are a few hints. First, never forget the importance of Style. You may have noticed photographs in the press of goalkeepers leaping like scalded ballet-dancers, often in the wrong direction. This is done, rightly, to keep up morale. If fail you must then why not fail, as it were, in glorious Technicolor? Secondly, never be diverted from your duty by dogs. Dogs prefer goalkeepers. But harden your heart. I once lost a village match through talking to an alleged Sealyham. Thirdly, stare at a penalty-kicker as if you pitied him. Then laugh outright. He will either stub his toe or slice to cover-point.

R. C. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW

-CRITICISM-



BOOKING OFFICE

Laws of History

A Victorian Eminence: The Life and Works of Henry Thomas Buckle. Giles St. Aubyn. Barrie, 25/-

THE first volume of Buckle's *History of Civilization in England* was published in 1857. Dashing and discursive, it won immediate recognition. Like Macaulay, whom he resembled in his attack and readability, he simplified, he moralized and he expounded with immense Victorian gusto. Buckle inherited an ample fortune, spent lavishly on his library—he collected, read, and annotated over twenty thousand books—and lived in the aroma of really good cigars. At once studious and sociable, he took as much or as little as he wanted of the intellectual society of London; he would overwork horribly and “repair the waste of mental fibre with quantities of champagne and port.”

From early youth he was resolutely eccentric. Since he was considered delicate he was sent to school on condition that he should not learn any subjects that he disliked. But his school days were brief. When he won a prize for mathematics his father asked him to name an extra reward. “To be taken away from school,” answered Buckle, and the amiable parent complied. Buckle thereafter educated himself. He became widely travelled, polyglot, omnivorously learned.

Mr. St. Aubyn has marshalled the materials for his portrait with skill and a quiet ironic wit. We learn telling details of the man and gain a good impression of the historian. Buckle, for example, composed his flowing and diffuse Victorian prose in entire paragraphs, not by sentences; he worked at a specially constructed desk with all relevant books to hand; and he would sate his gluttony for reading into the small hours with a wet towel round his head. He was also a chess champion of world fame. Tone deaf, he once stood up when he heard *Rule, Britannia!* thinking it was *God Save the Queen*. And he talked incessantly.

This uninhibited one-track character

found exactly the field of learning congenial to his mind. Convinced, like Comte and Marx and Herbert Spencer, that since the scientists were discovering the laws of nature historians could ascertain the laws of human society, he set out to find them. Like Montesquieu, he found them in the influence of geography, food and climate upon mankind. He began to write a *History of England* and was drawn into a survey of most of the world. He painted a brisk impressionist panorama of the background of the Far East, of India and Brazil: where there is rice, he pointed out, there are teeming populations, cheap labour, despotism; where the jungle proliferates and life is hectic and short, mankind has worshipped gods of grotesque appearance and capricious power; in Greece, on the other hand, in a clear light and a spare landscape, they have worshipped gods of proportion, lucidity and grace.

Buckle explained everything, and his work was “discussed from California to the Steppes.” Though Montesquieu—

a greater man—anticipates Buckle's sense of place, and Hegel his range, neither had quite the obvious showmanship which Buckle deployed; he was rewarded by ample sales, much adulation and a stimulating fire of academic dislike. “I don't believe in the philosophy of history,” growled the great Stubbs, speaking for many colleagues after him, “so I don't believe in Buckle.”

Secure in his private income and the adulation of literary London, Buckle went his own way. Had he lived long enough he might well have achieved deeper insights and challenged comparison with his more scholarly friend Lecky. But Fate intervened.

Buckle decided to visit Egypt and Palestine. He took all the Victorian precautions when in foreign parts. He engaged a cook who was an expert in making plum pudding and Irish stew; he dressed, in the Sinai peninsula, in a flannel shirt of red and black tartan and a black tail coat, and he sheltered from the sun beneath a white umbrella; he insisted that his young protégés, Edward and Alfred Huth, should swelter under two blankets in the desert heat. For Buckle all these precautions were in vain. At the age of forty-one, in the full tide of his powers, he died of typhoid in Damascus.

Mr. St. Aubyn has done well, in the intervals of teaching Etonians, to revive the memory of this spirited and eccentric historian. His piety is appropriate. Had fortune willed otherwise, Buckle might have made an interesting history master at Eton, and in his later years have done doughty battle with the O.B., for he had a genius for teaching boys painlessly. He was always popular with them, for he made history fascinating and at the same time pointed out that it was very bad for them to work too hard.

Buckle's career was short but brilliant. He was singularly well suited to his class and age. But such independent minds, though valuable, are one-sided. Admirable as was Buckle's enthusiasm and benevolence, one feels that T. H. Huxley had the last word on him. “Ah, I see the kind of man,” he remarked, “he is top-heavy.” JOHN BOWLE

NOVEL FACES



IV—KINGSLEY AMIS

Like Lucky Jim, his impish laughter fires Despondency in Redbrick's dreaming spires.

Principles and Persuasions. Anthony West. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 21/-

In these reprinted *New Yorker* criticisms Mr. West is addressing the general reader. (Indeed in a note to the essay on George Eliot he admits that some of the evidence was "of a kind that is hard to deal with explicitly in the pages of a 'family magazine.'") He has not much patience with contemporary literary criticism and not much feeling for "pure" literature. He is strongest on the borderline of modern history and the literature of ideas, for example when forcefully arguing that his father, H. G. Wells, was primarily and finally a pessimist.

Mr. West is a vigorous controversialist and can generally back up his opinion, or at any rate decorate it, with some odd fact or entertaining quotation. Both his strength and his weakness are illustrated by the essay on Dickens; he shows awareness of all the falsities of his morality but dismisses his prose with a casual reference to "vitality of expression" and limits his achievement to "good fun and simple excitement." R. G. G. P.

No Fruit More Bitter. Laurence Wilkinson. *Heinemann*, 25/-

In February 1955 four exiled Rumanian patriots seized their country's legation in Berne at gun-point. They hoped, with desperate optimism, that from there they could persuade the Communist government in Bucharest to release from prison five eminent Rumanians whom they named; at the same time, they hoped to expose the legation as a centre of espionage. They failed, as they were bound to do, and a Swiss court gave them various not very severe terms of imprisonment.

This courageous exploit really deserves a better record than Mr. Wilkinson's book, which is not well organized, and written throughout in the most horrible journalese. Nevertheless, the characters of the men, deeply patriotic, deeply religious, afraid of nothing, shine through like a beacon. There was a newspaper strike in London at the time of their feat, and the names of Beldeanu, Codrescu, Chirila and Ochiu do not ring as familiarly here as they should. Readers of this book are not likely to forget them. B. A. Y.

Forty Years in the Wilderness. H. St. John Philby. *Robert Hale*, 30/-

These further chapters of autobiography, carrying on from *Arabian Days*, seem to have been put together in a hurry. They are unconnected and very repetitious, they are not in chronological order, and where the opening is already out-of-date this is clumsily remedied by the use of "(sic)". Mr. Philby, who lived for many years as a merchant in Mecca, was a close friend of Ibn Saud, whom he greatly admired; after the king's death he was banished for his sturdy criticism of the extravagance and



"Honest, I was only joking when I said Ben Gurion for President."

moral laxity of the new régime, whose inherited standards were drowned in oil revenues. He has now been allowed to return.

All this is naturally very much on his mind, and clearly he has a deep knowledge of the Arabian scene, but his writing suffers from a rather ponderous self-satisfaction. In a confused and polemical book the best things are his defence of Lawrence, his description of his own acceptance as a Mohammedan, and his impressions of Ibn Saud.

E. O. D. K.

The Dreamers. Roger Manvell. *Gollancz*, 12/6

Readers who expect this distinguished film critic's first novel to be "cinematic" in style or subject-matter will be surprised by the extreme simplicity and slightly old-fashioned manner (markedly at variance with the topical theme) characterizing Mr. Manvell's tale of supernatural dread. A worldly English village doctor—consulted by distraught patients afflicted with a form of collective nightmare, whose terror increases when transmitted from person to person, after the fashion of a chain-letter—rather unprofessionally passes on the details to his "pretty, nervous, dangerous" mistress, whom he subsequently finds frozen in a state of suspended animation resembling death. The one individual capable of combating this sinister thrall proves to be an African psychiatrist who has also practised as a witch-doctor, but the even greater pervasive evil of race-prejudice has first to be overcome. Despite deliberately stilted dialogue the tension is satisfactorily maintained

throughout: though it may be equally wrong to presume that white women are subconsciously driven by sexual desire towards African males as to assert that the converse is the case. J. M.-R.

Evidence in Camera. Constance Babington Smith. *Chatto and Windus*, 18/-

After his dismissal as Commander-in-Chief of the German Army General von Fritsch forecast that those with the best photographic reconnaissance would be victorious in the next war. He died in 1939 and Miss Babington Smith has shown in this account of the activities of the British photographic units during the last war how his prophecy was fulfilled. Intelligent interpretation of three-dimensional prints obtained by the use of a viewing mechanism on the principle of a stereoscope told the British interpreters such vital details as the height of buildings and even hedges, the low water line in a creek, exact details of defences and other extremely valuable data for planning commando raids. It was learned after the war from prisoners of war and German records that the British approach to photographic interpretation was on a far higher level than that of their opponents, who obtained magnificently clear prints but failed to make use of the information these prints could yield. A very interesting book from which technical details have been wisely omitted. A. V.

AT THE PLAY

Epitaph for George Dillon
(ROYAL COURT)
Keep Your Hair On! (APOLLO)

I HAVE no objection to people being angry, if they can show reasonable cause. But as it happens I never thought of Jimmy Porter as an angry young man, only as a revolting one, in both senses of the word; a chronic sniveller, whining away to cover his own feebleness. Although John Osborne wrote this earlier play, *Epitaph for George Dillon*, with Anthony Creighton, its hero is clearly a prototype of Porter. He is a spineless exhibitionist, trying to kid himself into a childish belief in his own genius; and when neither bragging nor blubbing he is sneering, sponging and seducing. Are we expected to sympathize with him? If not, what are we expected to feel? Nothing is less dramatic than self-pity.

He is set, this ghastly person, against a background a little reminiscent of the family in Noël Coward's *Fumed Oak*, cockney suburban who hurry through their kippers to get to the telly. The two daughters are well drawn and well acted. One, tight-jeaned and Hollywood-daft, Wendy Craig; the other, just daft, in a nice old-fashioned way, Avril Elgar. The mother is harder to place. Played by Alison Leggatt, she is both too intelligent to be so taken in by the intruder and too kind to behave so badly to a little

husband who is certainly a bore but appears to be sober and industrious. Economically she is said to have the whip-hand, but why he doesn't pay his way is not explained. And then there is her sister, crossed in love and bitter; Yvonne Mitchell never persuaded me that she was one of the family.

Having wormed his way into the mother's purse and affections, the young man settles down to batten, a self-important limpet. He fails to seduce the aunt, so he seduces the film-struck daughter. The play into which he has poured his pretentious soul is accepted by a flash management, and after he has re-written it in their terms succeeds in the provinces. An æsthetic tragedy? To me he seemed mighty lucky to get it on at all. At long last he retires to hospital with T.B., and implausibly soon comes out to die, his bastard about to be born upstairs. Needless to say, he is already married. He becomes relatively interesting only for a short time in the scene in which he is honest with the aunt. I am steeling myself to be told that he strikes some deep chord of frustration in a younger generation brutally oppressed and misunderstood. It is difficult to blame Robert Stephens for failing to give much shape to such a character.

The play is very loosely constructed, a fault it tries to conceal by the harsh violence of its language. It ends in a

welter of sentimentality. Scenes overflowing from the stage take place in a sort of hayloft above it, which suggests an ante-room to the next world.

At its wildest *Keep Your Hair On!* offers some very happy moments, but these peaks stand isolated in extensive bogs of sentiment that drew boos from the gallery and add up to a slow and old-fashioned musical comedy, in which wit falters and humour is swamped by amorous platitudes; and this is all the more surprising since it was written and directed by John Cranko, whose revue, *Cranks*, was surrealist or nothing. He has a good team, which rises nimbly to the smallest opportunity of satire, but having demonstrated their abilities in a promising opening number he seems to have been struck by timidity; only a grave misjudgment could explain the inordinate length and dullness of heartfelt songs that on occasion actually follow one another.

Even for a musical comedy it creaks, this story of a hairdresser's assistant who wavers between a young man caught up by a bogus political party and a nice little emigré who loves butterflies and turns out to be a king, but this matters less than the endlessly solemn exchanges of trivial feeling. John Addison's music is livelier than the lyrics, though they risk being drowned; but in the end Tony

Armstrong Jones and Desmond Heeley come out best, for their ingenious use of blown-up photographs on screens and grotesque masks in which the chorus provides a cruel comment on the average human crowd. As one would expect from Mr. Cranko, the chorus excels in eccentric little ballets; and though some of these are overworked they can be very successful, as in the meeting in Trafalgar

REP SELECTION

Bristol Old Vic, *The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, to March 8th.
Bromley Rep, *The Male Animal*, Thurber, to February 22nd.
Marlowe Theatre, Canterbury, *The Waltz of the Toreadors*, Anouilh, to February 22nd.
Castle Theatre, Farnham, *A View from the Bridge*, Arthur Miller, to February 22nd.
Ipswich Theatre, *The Diary of Anne Frank*, to March 1st.

Square (photographs of a lion, pigeons and Nelson's Column) attended by dummies who fly to pieces in the heat of argument.

The chief single hit of the evening is Betty Marsden's outrageous skit on a rock-strewn Mayfair hostess playing at glossy-weekly politics, and her song "Crowning Glory" is so good that it made the boos all the sadder. Rachel Roberts fights gamely through a sea of sugar; now and then she wins by sheer force of personality, but her satiric skill is thrown away. Of the men Gilbert Vernon is placed most happily as a dancing hairdresser. John Turner and Erik Mörk have sterner tasks as the aspiring politician and the sad little king, and they fight gamely, too.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)
A Touch of the Sun (Saville—12/2/58), N. C. Hunter's new dramatic comedy.
Flowering Cherry (Haymarket—27/11/57) death of a salesman.
Lysistrata (Duke of York's—15/1/58), Aristophanes' bawdy peace play.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE OPERA

L'Amico Fritz—Il Trovatore
(DRURY LANE)

FOR what opera-book writers usually call "the famous Duetto delle ciliege," Act II, a cherry tree with plastic fruit was rigged in the prompt wing. Under the tree stood a pair of housewife's steps plainly chalked FRITZ in the prop-master's hand for everybody in the stalls to see. Nicoletta Panni (Suzel) and Alvinio Misciano (l'Amico) duly climbed, plucked, munched and duetted.

Their famous number, which few English operagoers had ever heard of, turned out to be a Mascagni bon-bon. Personally I haven't a tooth as sweet as all that. I was fumbling disconsolately



JOHN TURNER and RACHEL ROBERTS

(*Keep Your Hair On!*)

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for my cloakroom ticket when the music radically changed and nailed me to my seat. With the cherries all plucked and Fritz out of the way, Suzel settled down for a Bible reciting session with the village rabbi (Paolo Pedani). Their *andante religioso* on the theme of Rebecca at the well is distinguished stuff of the old-fashioned "ethical" sort, one of few pages in the score that break away from Italianate idioms and correspond, in harmonic language, to the libretto's literary basis, Erckmann-Chatrian.

Any church organist who was at the Lane must have resolved on the spot to use the Duetto della Bibbia as a voluntary, for which purpose it is an obvious winner.

Trovatore was brouhaha night. Outside the theatre a magazine was on sale with a front-page photograph of the tenor, Mario Filippeschi. People were sitting in the stalls with the picture in their laps when Mr. Filippeschi's voice was first heard singing *Deserto sulla terra*, Manrico's off-stage number, too chalkily and (the conductor, Henry Krips's fault, this) rather briskly. Mr. Filippeschi came on with vizor down over nose. How he managed to see through tinplate will never be known.

His voice, when he really got it moving, proved big, piercing and a bit tight at the top. In the phrasing no half-lights, no finer shades. An exhilarating exhibition on the whole, however. The final top note of *Di quella pira* went through everybody like a javelin. Most people liked being transpierced. They cheered. Those who didn't like, mostly in the gallery, booed, hissed, catcalled and whistled. Not only did Mr. Filippeschi stand pat. He also claimed—and got—an encore. This led to demonstration and counter-dem. all over again.

There was a Leonore we had never heard of before, Mariella Angioletti. Her voice is adorable.

CHARLES REID

AT THE PICTURES

The Unvanquished
A Tale of Two Cities

NOTHING known to be a sequel is given a fair chance; it is axiomatic that a sequel can never be as good, and any faults it has receive disproportionate attention. There is, as it happens, no need to think of the Indian *The Unvanquished* (Director: Satyajit Ray) as a sequel to *Pather Panchali*, for it is quite self-contained and understandable without reference to the first film; simply, it is a sequel because it begins where that left off, and takes the story of Harihar's family farther. But here, because the foundation of the narrative is even slighter, even less suggestive than before of what is usually thought of as a "story," some people will decide that the film is not so good.

It seems to me to be good in precisely

the same way, though undeniably not so dramatically strong (if one can use that phrase at all about works in which the pattern of significant incident is so diffused and tenuous). Again, the central character is young: for the first half of the film he is a boy of ten, in the second half he has grown a few years older. Again, much of the interest and grip of the piece comes from the way it puts us in the boy's place and makes us share his fascination with ordinary, everyday experience—I mean experience that is everyday not merely to him but to us. Some of the things he sees in Benares, like the communal bathing or the monkeys, have a documentary interest for us; but the film also makes us gaze with the almost hypnotized concentration of childhood at the way a jug stands on the floor, or the way someone strikes a match.

This is detail; the narrative incidents it decorates are essentially those that might happen in any family. The father dies, the mother and son move back from Benares to their village, the boy goes to school and then to the university, the simple ignorant mother is upset by her inability to share her son's new interests—this sort of thing is all it is possible to summarize, but what really holds the attention is the picture of the characters themselves and, above all, the moment-to-moment detail of their lives. To give a proper idea of the film in words is almost impossible, because it makes its effects in film terms, by skilfully combining sights and sounds and juxtaposing scenes to produce what can only be called "atmosphere"; all that can be said is that to those sensitive to this kind of thing, to those interested in human character and in using their eyes and ears, it will give pleasure.

I suppose the film of *A Tale of Two Cities* (Director: Ralph Thomas) does the Dickens novel as well as it could be done, for a present-day audience... but there, in that statement, are the two warring qualifications. This is the *Dickens* novel and it is for a present-day audience; in other words, it cannot be quite satisfactory either way. When the book was written the artificial conventions of sentimental melodrama were accepted, and when we read the book to-day we make allowance for this fact. But to film it naturalistically now only emphasizes the artificiality of the story: the more apparently real are the characters and their surroundings, the more contrived seem their ways of speaking and behaving. So many of these phrases and situations have become clichés since 1859...

Nevertheless, as I say, within these limitations the film is well done, and when I saw it plenty of people (including some who seemed not to know the story already) were obviously finding it not only enjoyable but moving. Dirk Bogarde makes a good rakish Sydney Carton; the colourless Lucie is a thank-



[A Tale of Two Cities

Sydney Carton—DIRK BOGARDE

less part for Dorothy Tutin, but the over-lifesize characters are played with great gusto, notably by Athene Seyler (Miss Pross) and Rosalie Crutchley (Madame Defarge).

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London, there is very little left that I would recommend whole-heartedly except *The Picasso Mystery* (29/1/58) and good old *Around the World in Eighty Days* (17/7/57). Ignore the publicity, and you will find Robert Dhéry's *Femmes de Paris* (see "Survey," 12/2/58) very funny. *Witness for the Prosecution* (12/2/58) is a field day for Charles Laughton.

One very good release: *The Enemy Below* (22/1/58)—submarine v. destroyer. *Jailhouse Rock* is an Elvis Presley piece aimed at teenagers, but it has some unusually good points.

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

False Colours?

NO doubt the series called *The Thin Man* (B.B.C.) satisfies those customers for whom it is intended, but the fact remains that despite its title it is just another collection of private-eye comedy-thrillers. The names of the two chief characters may be Nick and Nora, and they may have a cute little dog; but the stories are not remotely reminiscent of Dashiell Hammett's original creation. The present Nick and Nora are unbearably mushy, indulging in flabby "sophisticated" dialogue which is a pale shadow even of the dialogue in the cinema version: and I can't think that Hammett would have approved of the run-of-the-mill scrapes they get into. This growing tendency to present a batch of playlets under a general title which is already a household word smacks to me of sharp practice. I suppose Robin Hood is fair game; Hopalong Cassidy has long ceased to have any significant connection with Clarence E. Mulford; and *The O. Henry Playhouse* (B.B.C.) certainly uses "adaptations" (frequently softened or bowdlerized) of actual O. Henry tales: but what relation does *The Adventures of Tugboat Annie* (A.-R.) bear to the original? Would *Hawkeye* (ATV) have pleased Fenimore Cooper? How much of Scott is there in *Ivanhoe* (A.-R.)? Did Zane Grey write any of the stories in *Zane Grey Theatre* (A.-R.)? Most important, when will television produce enough writers capable of standing on their own feet without leaning on an established reputation?



East End—West End

SIDNEY JAMES RAYMOND HUNTLEY WOLF MANKOWITZ

I have not yet heard of any plans to present *The Adventures of Mr. Micawber*, *Stalky and Co. in Detroit*, *Titus Andronicus Rides Again*, or even *The Scarlett O'Hara Playhouse*; but the way things are going I'm prepared to see one of them pop up at any moment.

It is always a pleasure to welcome a series which shows signs of breaking new ground in imaginative treatment and choice of subject matter. *East End—West End* (A.-R.) made its bow with a nicely observed character study by Sidney James, a subtle and authentic piece of acting by Miriam Karlin, and a production technique that owes very little either to the stage or to the cinema—for which I raise a small hurrah. The stories won't shake de Maupassant off his perch, but they have a thick, juicy, Jewish flavour which pleases, and it wouldn't surprise me if they were true.

I wish somebody would explain to me why both the B.B.C. and ITV, from the very outset, should have been so strenuously eager to persuade us to buy gramophone records of "popular" music. (I hope I am not being naïve when I take it for granted that all this advertisement is gratuitous.) Why always such uncritical praise? Surely it would be an act of charity for a disc jockey to review a record now and then? True, I have sometimes detected a hint of reactionary disapproval from Jack Payne in *Off the Record*; but the general tendency is to pretend that every single disc chosen for demonstration is on a par with Klemperer's version of the *Eroica*, or Ellington's first recording of "Mood Indigo," and somehow this is very seldom the case.

An interest in "popular" music among the younger generation is perfectly natural. My complaints are, first, that there should be this tacit conspiracy to plug, and, second, that the programmes which form the medium for such plugging should take up so much viewing time. Off-hand I can think of *Top Numbers* (A.B.C.), *Off the Record* (B.B.C.), *Children's Television* (B.B.C.) (once a week), *Cool for Cats* (A.-R.), *Six-Five Special* (B.B.C.) (occasionally), and *The Jack Jackson Show* (ATV). Of these I find *Off the Record* the most thoughtful, and *Top Numbers* the most entertaining. As for *The Jack Jackson Show*, it is tricked out with such embarrassingly infantile comedy material that a cat would have to be real gone indeed to sit through it.

HENRY TURTON



DOUGLAS.

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